

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES



APRIL - 1958

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

HIGH-LITES STAFF



EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief..... Claire Oskar
News Editors..... Priscilla Watts, Christine Carney
Exchange Editors..... Jo Ellen Robertson, Mary Phelan
Poetry Editors..... Karin Roebuck, Brooke Teel
Humor Editors..... John Minihan, Mary Glennie

ART COMMITTEE

Lorna Smith	Barbara Subatch	Carol Casale	Mary Lou Hearty
William Rock	Rita Carroll	Helen Phillips	Eleanor Stang

HUMOR COMMITTEE

Richard Lange	Beverly Kennedy	Cynthia Watts
Carolyn Anderson	Linda Champion	Etta Mae Nadeau
Judith Nicora	Emily Foster	Martha Foster
Janet Drummey	Diana McDowell	Charlotte Caron
	Earlene Foster	

REPORTERS

Boys' Sports—Andrew Zigelis, Victor Battaglioli	Senior Class..... Carole Parker
Girls' Sports—Barbara Weingart, Ann Wild	Junior Class..... Constance Carney
Assemblies..... Lois Meserve	Sophomore Class . Geraldine De Fusco
Guidance..... Mary Mahoney	Freshman Class.... Kathleen Murphy
Student Council..... Elisabeth Kay	Honor Society..... Anne Messina
Dances..... Sheila Kelley	Clubs..... Elaine Roche
	Talk of the School—Donna Hammond
	Beth Veyette, Katherine Roberts,
	Patricia Harrington, Patricia Janco,
	Joyce Rennie

BUSINESS MANAGERS

Faith St. Louis	Jean Aziz
-----------------	-----------

PROOFREADERS

Thelma Thompson	Olive Gravel	Gilda D'Agata
Renee Broughton	Marilyn Ackroyd	Irene Murray
Maureen Jacques	Joan Fraser	Catherine McDuffie
Marcia Zigelis	Joyce Holland	Cynthia Lampros
Nancy DeAdder	Linda Dunn	Mary Throp
	Jane deVebre	

ROOM AGENTS

Roberta Himber	Ann Marie Barrett	Emily Pappalardo
Stella D'Agata	Santina Pappalardo	Mary Schruender
Sara Clarenbach	Anne McCarty	Barbara Buchanan
Priscilla McAndrew	Ann Batterbury	Linda Smith
Judith Surette	Gail Roache	Mary Ward
Mary Griffin	Beverly Scannell	Linda Bazin
Patricia Minihan	Sally Drummey	Linda Crane
	Ursula Perrone	

TYPISTS

Senior Typing Class

FACULTY ADVISOR

Ruth Ann Mooradkanian

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL.....	1	RECORD.....	19
LITERARY.....	4	SPORTS.....	27
POET'S CORNER.....	17	EXCHANGES.....	31
TALK OF THE SCHOOL.....	18	HUMOR.....	32

Cover Design by William Rock

Inside Art Work by Lorna Smith

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES

The Student Publication of North Andover High School, North Andover, Mass.

VOL. XXXIV

APRIL ISSUE

NO. 3

EDITORIAL



YOUTH FACES THE FUTURE

What does today's youth face?--a peaceful span of tranquil existence or a mad, whirling vortex of guided missiles, hydrogen bombs, and spinning satellites? Will our life be spent in a series of frustrated efforts to keep ahead of Russia, to produce greater scientists, larger satellites, and more devastating bombs? Is a war-torn world to be our future? . . . a third world war in less than a century? Will posterity call this an era of terror, another "Hundred Years" war? Will future generations of school children marvel at the scientific barbarianism of this civilization? Will our civilization cease? Will the inventions destroy the inventors?

Perhaps the Roman boy felt the doom of his world approach when the fall of Rome almost snuffed out the light of his civilization. There seemed to be nothing left to live for. All-powerful Rome had fallen. Surely untrained hordes of Gauls and Huns could not have vanquished the precise "triplex acies" of Gaius Julius Caesar. Surely barbarians never could have prevailed against those sturdy men of the Republic, against Horatius, against the Gracchi.

Barbarians did not destroy Rome. They only crushed the glittering shell covering the hollow rottenness inside, and the entire Western Empire collapsed. Rome destroyed itself, with its rapacious emperors, its greedy politicians, its luxurious living, its immoral ways. Every great nation has fallen because of the carelessness of its people in preserving the liberties they have, because of its citizens becoming too engrossed in pleasure, luxury and wealth, because of their ignorance of their moral obligations.

Little things weaken a nation: a politician takes a bribe, a citizen neglects to vote in a local election considering town government unimportant. How can a country be strong if the pieces of which it is composed are weak? Some neglect to inform themselves on election candidates, local and national. Incompetent men slide into office. An incompetent government rules a country.

Our ancestors have fought for this precious right to vote at Runnymede, on the tennis court at Versailles, on the battlefields of Bennington

and Yorktown. Can we ignore their efforts? They bequeathed us this country to be passed on by us to future generations a little better than it was before. Are we, the youth of the future, moulders and leaders of Democracy, going to betray those valiant patriots, the dough boy at Chateau-Thierry, the soldier on Bataan?

We have a sacred obligation to fulfill . . . to learn the history of our country, to keep ourselves well informed, to do what we know is right. Each teenager holds a tiny candle against the encroaching darkness of destruction and despair. We must learn to protect this candle with the shield of knowledge, lest it be extinguished by the winds of prejudice and propaganda and we find ourselves in darkness. Thousands of tiny candles, thus protected, will grow into a luminous flame that will light our way into the future.

Claire Oskar, '58

* * * * *

AMERICA'S LUCKIEST DAY

The United States may be said to owe its very existence to the character, in the Revolutionary War, of a British officer named Patrick Ferguson. Soon after the war began, Ferguson had George Washington squarely in his gunsights at point-blank range, but couldn't bring himself to pull the trigger.

It was in 1777, at the battle of Brandywine. On the British right flank was a company of crack-shot rangers, each carrying a new breech-loading rifle, invented by Ferguson and said to be the finest rifle in combat.

Ferguson commanded one hundred rangers. All day there had been sporadic sniping across the lines, as the two armies settled into position for the battle.

At one point, Ferguson deployed a small group of his riflemen as advanced skirmishers in a fringe of woods separating the British and American front lines. The rangers hugged the ground, rising once in a while to fire at Yankee positions. Suddenly there was a lull in the shooting, and in the silence two Colonial officers rode into a clearing about one hundred yards from where Ferguson and his men lay hidden. One of the American officers wore a green and blue uniform with a remarkably high cocked hat—the badge of the commander-in-chief.

The British officer whispered a command. "Sergeant, take your best marksmen. Stalk those officers and bring them down."

Any one of the rangers could have dropped Washington and his companion, but Ferguson wanted his men to get so close there would be no possible chance of missing such important targets.

Then Ferguson cancelled the order to shoot Washington and decided to take him prisoner instead. If he had delayed a second longer in calling back the snipers, they would certainly have killed the American general and his escort.

Still unaware of the nearness of the enemy marksmen, Washington continued to study the battleground. But now he was coming straight toward the rangers.

Ferguson stood up, stepped into the open, and ordered the two men to dismount.

"Come in, sirs!" he ordered. "You are marked by rifles. Come in as my prisoners."

Startled, Washington looked straight at Ferguson. To surrender

would ruin the patriot cause. To run would mean a shower of British rifle fire.

Then, quickly, the commander-in-chief and his escort wheeled their horses and rode for the far side of the clearing.

"Halt, or I'll shoot!" Ferguson shouted, aiming his rifle at Washington's back. The general and his escort disregarded the command and kept on riding.

Ferguson slowly lowered the rifle. He later explained that he could have shot Washington a half dozen times, but he let him get away because the thought of shooting a brave general in the back disgusted him.

Clark Lewis,'59

* * * * *

TOWARD THE UNKNOWN

The unknown that I refer to in my title is not connected with medicine or interplanetary travel. The unknown is something that every human has before him. It is personally his.

Before us, we have the long, bending, and ungraded road to the future. Every second we travel around a curve, on the path of destination, not knowing what phase of happiness or agony is beyond.

There are days when the scenery remains unchanged, and others when there are rays of mirth. Still there is that terrific dread of uncontrolled sorrow.

Through the miracle of birth we find ourselves confronted with a journey that will take from one to one hundred years to travel. At first we are completely shielded and innocent of the bustling and noisy world around us. Next we develop a mind of our own. There are times when we adorn the costume of a devil, to be changed later into a youthful angel.

School awakens our thoughts to the world around us. Through education we gain knowledge, social understanding, companions, and the measles.

Our next big step is first love, plus its tragic ending.

One of the most reassuring tasks of our journey is our first job. The ability to secure an occupation, the nervousness of the first day, and the thrill of the first pay check add tang and spice to our lives.

Marriage is found along the route for many people. It is filled with the joy of sharing love, happiness, and heartaches, and raising one's own children.

Whatever course our highway of life may take, we shall find that laughter can dominate over tears.

I believe, as many people do, in loving and living every second of every minute of every day to the greatest extent. Life is a golden treasure to be guarded and cherished from infancy until the pleasing sleep of death. People are born to live, and to reap the love and laughter of life.

So, as we continue toward the unknown, may the burdens on our backs be lightened by the faith in our hearts. Donna Hammond,'60



LITERARY

THE GUEST

My Aunt Milly was coming! We had just received word that she had at last, after many long years, decided to come away from her mission work in the New York slums and visit us.

She was a kind, sweet little woman of about forty, and the favorite fairy godmother of every kid in our town. When Milly used to live with us, quite a few years ago, our house used to be a second home for our town's inhabitants. All the kids and neighbors would be in and out at all times of the day just to see Milly.

Milly was like a magnet. She drew all people to her by her kindnesses. Not a day went by that she didn't have a kind word for your troubles or a hot dish of soup for poor old Mrs. Prost who had so many illnesses that I couldn't count them on my fingers and toes. Amos Murry, our Negro handyman, called Milly a "mother of mercy", and we kids knew that it was because her heart was so big and wonderful.

One year I skinned my knee on a tin can and it got all sore and infected. Doc Bolder was going to cut it off but Milly wouldn't let him. She nursed me back to health and I could soon run faster than any kid in the whole neighborhood. She was like that. Milly could do anything. She could even play leap frog!

Aunt Milly had beautiful, long red hair and I would have bet my frog foot that it was the prettiest in the county. When my pa got sick and we couldn't pay the doctor bill, Milly cut her hair off and sold it to a wig maker for fifty dollars to pay the bill.

Milly told me once that to love other people you have to love God first. I didn't understand this at all, but then one Sunday morning I noticed her praying at church and I understood. I knew she was a great woman.

The minister and his wife were very poor, but Milly saw that they never went without a meal. She helped keep up the parsonage and took care of all the repairs on choir robes and other little duties she felt obliged to do as a faithful parishioner.

The big Bible in our house was always kept dustless by a quick flip of Millie's linen handkerchief. Each day she always remembered to set a small vase of field flowers before it. As always, before setting the flowers down, I could see her lips move in a fervent prayer, asking God to help all her troubled friends.

When my ma died Milly became a second mother to my sister and me. She sent us all through school, heard our lessons, stood up for us, and guided our spiritual upbringing. My younger sister Edna became a nurse, which was considered quite an oddity in the nineteenth century. My oldest one, Louise, soon followed suit. Milly had made them what they were. I became a lawyer. But how time does steal away! Finally she is returning to us, our Mother Milly.

A train whistle in the distance! She is here! Milly is coming! I was waiting in the mist, for it was a foggy day, and my heart beat with all the anxiety of a happy child as I searched for my second mother's figure in the crowd.

All types of people spilled out from between the train doors--rich bankers from the East, a few strike-it-rich prospectors, and ladies in fine silk holding on to noisy children. But Milly wasn't among them.

Just then the conductor tapped me on the shoulder.

"Are you a relative of Miss Millicent Clinton?"

"Why, yes! Do you know where she is?"

"Yes, sir, the body is in the last car. They are unloading the casket now."

"Casket! But that can't be my aunt! There must be some mistake."

"Paging Mr. Ralph Clinton."

"Here I am, boy."

"A wire for you, sir."

"Yes, yes. Thank you."

I read the words but my heart refused to accept their reality. It was from the Mission director stating that my aunt had passed away last Tuesday evening and her last request had been to be buried in "her" town. I had not received this message sooner because of a break in the cable lines, and thus I had fondly anticipated her visit.

A fond mother had passed on. I would have to tell "all her children", and I could not even convince myself.

Oh, God, why do these things happen? If only we could have seen her once more. If only she could have been our guest!

Barbara Subatch,'59

* * * * *

HOUSE IN THE RAIN

The rain fell. It trickled from the eaves outside the window and drummed dully on the roof. It fell on the hard-packed dirt around the house and turned it to mud. The lone tree in the fenced-in yard stood straight. The rain brushed its spindly stick of a trunk and the taut strings supporting it. It slicked down the clumps of weeds in the corners.

In the window of the house a light shone. The fly-specked bulb tried to push out the gloom. It only lit up the limp plastic drapes, dirty white with purple cabbage roses climbing up the middle, and the awkward veneer dresser, covered with a plastic place mat. It reflected from the dusty bottles of cheap perfume and the cracked mirror. It fell over the sagging brass bed and the figure sprawled on it. A foot in a droopy sock hung over the side. It beat time to the muffled shrieks of a radio. A movie magazine rested on a pillow slip smeared with scarlet lipstick.

"Millie!"

The sprawling figure remained motionless.

"Millie!"

"What do you want now, Ma?"

"Take that wash and hang it in the cellar."

"Ma, you know I'm busy."

"Readin' one of them movie magazines again?"

"Well, for heaven's sake, its the only fun I do have. Hang the wash yourself."

"Millie, you know I ain't well."

"I ain't well, I ain't well. You ain't never well when there's work to be done."

"Oh, Millie, you know I don't----"

The sound of muffled sobbing mixed with the rain.

"For heaven's sake, Ma, don't make a scene again."

The form heaved itself off the bed. A door slammed.

The rain fell. It trickled off the eaves and drummed dully on the roof. It made puddles in the mud in the yard and beat the weeds down flat.

Claire Oskar, '58

* * * * *

THE GIRL WITH TWO LEFT FEET

Sue sat very still beside Miss Tremble, watching Lydia dance. When Lydia danced, Sue thought of birds soaring through the air and of water gliding over stones in the brook.

"That child is a born dancer," Miss Tremble said, almost under her breath, as she watched Lydia dance.

Sue was again conscious of her own clumsiness, but she just smiled. Miss Tremble was good and kind to all the girls in the dancing class, and she was only speaking the truth.

Lydia swept down in a graceful bow, then walked over to where the others waited.

"That was marvelous, Lydia!" cried Miss Tremble. "Now, quickly, girls. This is where the fairies come in. You first, Jane. Then Debbie will follow Sue."

Jane tripped daintily into the circle on the floor which represented the stage.

It was time for Sue. She rose stiffly, her heart pounding, her knees weak. For a year now she had tried so hard to dance well because her mother had wanted her to, but she knew she moved stiffly and without any natural grace.

Somehow she made her way around the circle and stopped at her place near Jane. She heard Lydia giggle and saw Miss Tremble give her a severe look.

When the dancing class was over, Miss Tremble talked to them very earnestly. "Now this is our big night," she said. "Remember to rest this afternoon and to be at the theater at seven sharp. Don't be nervous and don't be afraid. Just pretend you're dancing for me here in class, and everything will go fine. See you at seven!"

Sue moved out silently among the happy girls. How would she ever live through this night, with lights on her and hundreds of people watching from the audience? And among those hundreds of people would be her mother and father. She wanted so much to please them. When she had seen how much they wanted her to take lessons she had agreed, though she had hated it from the beginning. She would rather play basketball.

At home, while her mother talked merrily, Susan's heart sank lower and lower. How would she ever live through this night? Her mother had cooked her favorite supper, but she couldn't eat.

At quarter of seven they were dressed. In no time at all, the car was stopping at the brightly lighted theater. Jane was just coming down the sidewalk and Dorothy was standing near the entrance.

"You girls go on in," said Sue's mother. "Miss Tremble will be waiting for you backstage."

The three girls walked in. Their feet sank into the thick carpet as they walked through the silent, empty theater. But on the other side of the door, all was bustle and activity.

Sue was grateful for all the hubbub. With so much excitement outside, the inside excitement wasn't so painful. But the time sped by and the music was starting. A quick glance through the velvet curtain revealed a full house. Then the curtains swept back and Lydia was dancing on the stage.

She had never danced better. Wave after wave of applause burst from the audience. How proud her parents must be! thought Sue.

Now Lydia was going into her final bow and it was time for the fairies.

Jane danced out into the floodlights, dipping and circling, and finally came to her place.

Now it was Sue's turn. She felt rooted to the floor. Her heart pounded and her legs shook so she could hardly move. With a deep sigh, she raised her arms and moved into the circle made by the floodlights. She had just started her first dip when she lost her balance and fell flat onto the stage.

There was a roar of laughter which was quickly hushed. Lying there with tears of humiliation in her eyes, Sue had an almost unbearable impulse to run off the stage. But something stopped her. She rose, took her place near Jane and kept her eyes on the floor. Then Debbie approached her.

At last it was over. She was thankful that the girls made no mention of her falling, though she knew it was in all their minds. Then she glanced up and saw Lydia staring at her from across the room.

"Well, the dance was almost a success," said Lydia. Sue's face flushed. Miss Tremble stopped what she was doing and stood before Lydia.

"Lydia," she said quietly, "you are a fine dancer. Some day, when you discover that dancing isn't the most important thing in the world, you may be a fine person. I hope that day comes soon." She looked across at Susan and smiled. "It could have happened to anyone, dear. I am glad, in a way, that it happened to you, because, frankly, I'm not sure anyone else in the class could have taken it so well."

Sue blinked hard and gave a weak smile. She would feel better now, facing her parents.

"Hello!" called her father. "Let's go home."

In the car her father said, "You know you surprised me tonight. When you fell down I thought sure you'd get up and run off the stage. But you didn't."

"I almost did," she said.

"Why didn't you?" he asked.

"Well," Sue said slowly, "when Miss Tremble rehearsed us, she kept saying, 'Debbie you follow Sue.' I figured if I ran off the stage, I'd get Debbie all mixed up and spoil everything. So I thought I ought to stay."

Her father looked at her and said, "I'm very proud of you."

Her mother then spoke. "I haven't been too wise, insisting on dancing lessons. From now on it's up to you. You don't have to take them if you don't want to."

"Oh, I don't know," Sue said. "I'll probably keep on taking them. Dancing can do a lot for a girl with two left feet!"

Barbara Buchanan,'59

* * * * *

MAN!

All was quiet in the sunny glen where the king of stags and his mate grazed contentedly among the soft pines. The stag's graceful head, with its massive antlers, rose to sniff the air for danger and then fell again to the sweet grass. Then, suddenly, the head shot up, the ears pointed, and the velvety nostrils dilated to catch the scent of Man—Man in the forest, very close by.

Almost instantaneously there was an explosion, and pain seared through the muscular shoulder of the stag. He sprang through the air and darted off through the underbrush, with the doe close by his side. Another explosion rang out and part of his great antler was knocked off. Then, there came the barking of hounds close at their heels, but as they fled through the forest, leaping over streams and dead trees and crashing through dense underbrush while matching stride for stride, the noise died away.

At last they halted, exhausted from their run, in a shady undergrowth, well hidden. The stag sank down into the spongy moss and licked his bleeding wound, while his mate stood guard.

Then peace and darkness drifted over the pair, leaving them safe from harm, for with the coming night, Man would leave the forest.

Paula Coates'58

* * * * *

BUT NOT JEFF!

Jeff swung around the corner and now he could see Barbie's house. Just the sight of the green awnings on the porch made his knees a trifle shaky. It was silly, he admitted to himself, but nevertheless it was his first date. And if things didn't go right it would be his last.

He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket—he had two spares just in case—and patted the perspiration from his forehead. Other fellows were confident, knew just what to say, had girls by the dozens drooling for them. But not Jeff. Many fellows were athletes, but Jeff had only been a substitute guard on the reserve team, and most of the time he had warmed up the bench. Or if they hadn't been outstanding in school affairs, at least most other fellows had something to recommend them, like being a six footer or even having a car to tear around in. But not Jeff. Instead of taking Barbie to the dance in style, he would have to rely on the good old bus system. Could a girl get interested in a fellow like that?

Jeff stumbled up Barbie's front steps and skinned one of his newly polished shoes. He tapped lightly on the screen door. From inside the house he could hear the clatter of dishes, the click of heels running across the bare floor, and the monotonous whine of the "pest", Barbie's kid brother Timmie. No response. Jeff swallowed, leaned on the doorbell button, and leaped like a scared cat at the sudden screech.

All sounds within the house stopped, and in the quiet Jeff felt the perspiration on his forehead again.

"Oh nuts!" he said aloud, disgusted with himself.

"Beg your pardon?" Barbie's father, newspaper in hand, stood just inside the door, looking at him quizzically.

Jeff mumbled and stuttered in apology. "I'm Jeff," he explained finally. "I've come for Barbie."

"Come in, Jeffry," he invited. "I'll tell Barbie you're here."

But that was unnecessary. Timmie, whom Jeff had not seen lurking behind the door, darted out and bawled up the hallway, "Barbie, you're goon's here!"

"Timmie," Barbie's mother reproved gently. She motioned toward a chair and smiled at Jeff. "Won't you sit down, Jeffry? Barbie'll be right down."

Jeff perched on the edge of the chair. His hands and feet suddenly acquired huge proportions. What did a fellow do with his hands anyway? He probably didn't stick them in his pockets in the presence of his girl-friend's parents. He couldn't sit on them, and they looked awkward just dangling.

Barbie's father filled his pipe from the brass canister on the end table behind them. Barbie's mother turned to Jeff and smiled, "Isn't it nice? It's such a pleasant night for your dance," she said brightly.

"Yes, ma'am," he agreed miserably.

What was the matter with him anyhow? Why couldn't he manage more than a yes or no? They must think him a moron.

Timmie sidled into the center of the room and looked accusingly at Jeff.

"You didn't bring Barbie any flowers!" he said. "Guys always bring her flowers."

"Timmie," his mother reproved again. "It isn't a formal dance, Timmie, and anyway, Barbie's not grown up."

Jeff squirmed. It was bad enough not having the cash for flowers if flowers were called for, but implying that he and Barbie weren't grown up! Why didn't she hurry?

And then Barbie came running down the stairs. Jeff sprang to his feet, relieved. Barbie was beautiful. She came just a little above his shoulder, and her hair was shining and satin smooth.

She took Jeff's hand and squeezed it, while she listened to her mother's long list of injunctions. Finally her mother finished. Jeff muttered his good-byes and somehow managed to open the door for Barbie without falling over his feet. Then they were out on the sidewalk. It was dusk now and Jeff was glad.

Barbie halted, and Jeff heard himself explaining, miserably, his lack of a car. "I thought you wouldn't mind riding to the dance on the bus," he finished. "Since the dance isn't formal, I mean."

"Of course," Barbie agreed brightly. "It'll be a lark. I-I always go to the dances like this on a bus." She smiled shyly.

Jeff sneaked a look at her out of the corner of his eye. Was that sarcasm? That was the trouble with girls. You never knew how they were going to take things, or exactly what they meant by what they said.

She smiled shyly at him as they found a seat near the rear of the bus.

They swung off the bus right in front of the high school. Jeff produced the tickets and they clattered down the steps and into the gym. The hall was filled with milling couples and groups.

Before the intermission the other fellows cut in quite a bit. Barbie was popular; there was no denying that.

He parked Barbie in a secluded corner the moment the intermission began and dashed for the coke table. Everyone else seemed to have a similar idea, and Jeff had a few minutes to wait.

"Two cokes, please," he said happily to the teacher presiding over the coke table. And then he could feel the color surging up into his face again. Two girls on his right looked at him, looked at each other, and then burst into giggles. Now what was it? Did he look funny? Had he done something crazy? He seized the cokes, stumbled over someone's feet in an effort to get away, spilled coke over his hand, and finally made it out to the open space of the dance floor. Hot, embarrassed, and muttering, he stalked to Barbie's corner.

"Mmmm," Barbie said, smiling shyly again, "it's good. Doesn't it make you feel good?"

"Well," Jeff said, mopping his forehead, wiping furiously at the sticky coke spilled on his hand, still boiling with disgust at his own embarrassment, "well, yes, I guess so."

"Jeff," she said slowly, "you'll probably think I'm silly, but I was scared that this date wouldn't be a success."

Jeff's eyes dropped, and he stared at the tips of his shoes. This was it then. He might have known it. He might have known that no girl could get interested in anyone who blundered as much as he. Only Barbie was nicer about it than most girls would have been. She didn't laugh at him, and she was telling only him.

"You wouldn't understand," I guess," Barbie went on.

"I-I-guess I understand," he muttered.

"No, I don't think you do," she persisted. "With some people, well, they know just the thing to say and everything."

"I know," Jeff admitted miserably.

"And others, they don't. That's what I was afraid of tonight. My first date, a really planned-for date. But it didn't matter, Jeff, because every time I didn't know what to do next, you did."

"What?" he stared at her in bewilderment.

"I knew you wouldn't understand. But it's been a grand evening, Jeff. I'm having a wonderful time! I guess you'll think I'm crazy for telling you this, maybe, but I just didn't know what to do."

"Barbie," cried Jeff. Barbie turned on her shy grin again, and with it, Jeff felt a wave of confidence wash over him. "Barbie," he said, "you're doing all right, just all right."

"And as he drew her to him for the next dance his right foot knocked over his bottle and the rest of his coke spilled over his shoe.

Joyce Lee, '61

* * * * *

THE CAPTAIN'S WISH

This story was told by an old man who had, in his prime, been the first mate on the good ship "Dolphin". This momentous occasion took place while the "Dolphin" was enroute from England to Boston with a cargo of wool. The date was September 21, 1938.

Captain Douglas cast a worried look at the whirling surf. The ship, old and weather-beaten, rocked violently as the mountainous waves smashed against the hull and over the sides. The captain turned to me:

"Briggs," said he, "I don't like it. In all my years of sailing the sea, I've never seen a northeaster come in like this. It's going to be a hum-dinger. I can sense it. When you've seen as many storms as I, you

know, deep inside, just how bad each is going to be, and I tell ye this is going to be the worst. Tell the men to tie down anything that is likely to move and close all portholes. I'm going below to check on the cargo."

"Aye, aye, cap," I answered in a quick response to his orders, and began to relay them to the crew. The deck was alive with activity as the crew vigorously began to carry them out.

A good crew were they. We on the "Dolphin" were like one happy family, all faithful to our belov'd captain. There were, of course, occasional disputes between members of the crew, especially on Saturday nights when most of them had had "one too many". But we were all loyal to the captain and the ship, and "mutiny" was unheard of.

The clouds overhead grew thicker and thicker. It was dark as night, though it was only three o'clock in the afternoon. The wind howled across the deck and the clouds began to pour their content on the ship and men, already quite drenched with salt water.

Suddenly, above the roar of the wind I heard a cry from below. For an instant there was silence, then we all rushed for the hold.

The violent rocking of the ship had caused two heavy bales of wool to fall on the captain, and we found him pinned to the floor. Quickly we removed the bales and gently carried the unconscious captain to his cabin.

As I was next in command I ordered the men to get back to their jobs, because the storm outside was continuously growing fiercer. They were reluctant about leaving the captain in his time of need, but if any-one of us was to survive the storm we would have to work hard to hold the ship together. And so, back to the job of "battening down the hatches" we went.

Before leaving his cabin, I tried to make the captain as comfortable as possible. By propping chairs along the side of his bunk, I hoped to keep him from being thrown out by the lurching of the ship in the storm-tossed sea.

The storm grew in intensity. By six o'clock it was evident that our work had been in vain, for the "Dolphin" was sinking.

I scrambled along the rail towards the captain's cabin. Blinded by the rain and salt water which, by "riding" the wind, seemed to fall in a solid sheet from the sky, I fumbled for the doorknob, which I found with some difficulty, twisted it, entered, and pushed with all my might to close the door again.

The captain was unconscious and had a broken leg and probable internal injuries when we brought him to his cabin. When I walked towards his bed, I saw that he was conscious and was even struggling to sit up. I could tell he was in great pain; still, he did not moan or groan in the least.

"Captain," said I, "the 'Dolphin' is sinking!"

"I know," said he in a calm voice, as if some instinct of the sea had already told him.

"I'm going to have the men improvise a stretcher to bring you to the dory," said I.

"Don't bother," he replied rather solemnly, "I'm not going."

"What?" said I in amazement.

"I've been on this ship for fifty-three years and I don't intend to leave 'er now", said he.

"No, sir, I won't let you do it," said I.

"Must I remind you," said he, "I'm still your superior, and as such you have no choice but to let me do it?"

"But, sir!"

"Those are my orders," he answered rather gruffly.

"What about the crew?" said I. "They'll never let you go through with it, even if it means mutiny."

"Yes, they're the best crew that ever sailed the seven seas in that respect. I'll bet any one of 'em would gladly take my place in here . . . if he knew. That's where you come in, Briggs. You're going to tell them I died in my cabin because of my injuries and, like any true seaman wanted to be buried in the waters I sailed. Now hurry, there isn't much time. Give the orders to abandon ship."

"But . . ."

"Remember," he interrupted.

"Yes, I know," said I, "those are your orders."

"Oh! and one last wish," he exclaimed. "Get me into that chair and prop me up in front of the porthole. I always want to see what's coming, in fogs, storms . . . in this case to see death on its way."

I propped the captain up in front of his porthole in silence. A formal salute before leaving the cabin was in order for the occasion, and then back to the storm.

I met the remaining members of the crew ready to board the dory.

"Where's the captain? Do ye' need some help to get him out here? We'll make a stretcher, that's what we'll do," was the unanimous decision before I could say a word.

"Men," said I, "the captain is dead as a result of the injuries he received this afternoon. Before he died, he said he wanted to be buried in his ship under the sea and wished us luck in reaching shore," I said, trying to be as brief as possible. "Now everyone get in the dory."

We descended into the dark, rough waters. The little dory was tossed about like a cork.

We couldn't see the ship because of the blackness of the night and the rain blowing in our faces, but we could hear, above the roar of the wind, the waves dashing against her sides.

There was a final gash against the top of the stern and then silence. The "Dolphin" was no more. Even the wind ceased for a moment as we removed our hats and bowed our heads in a last tribute to a great ship and her captain.

Those of us who managed to hang on to the little dory through the night were rescued in the morning. We were told that what the captain thought was an old northeaster was, in reality, a hurricane that had ventured far off its usual southern course. We were lucky to be alive. The hurricane has caused millions of dollars of damage on the mainland and had taken many lives.

Our captain's death, along with many others, was attributed to the storm, but I'll bet none of them died so gallantly as did the unsung captain of the "Dolphin", one of a long line of sea-faring men who went "down with their ships".

John Holt, '57

* * * * *

A MAINE LOGGER'S TALE

Away up in the northern part of Maine, right in the middle of the biggest forest, there is a nearly deserted lumber camp. In the center

of the camp there is an old cook's shanty. Knock on the door and an old man, bent with age, will call out in a rasping voice, "Come in and have a hot cup of coffee with me."

You go in and there, in an old rocking chair by the window, will be sitting Old Joe.

"I guess you came to hear the story of the old lumber camp," he will say.

You should say "yes" because you will hear it anyway. You may hear it differently, but this is the way I heard it.

It was a fine spring day, perfect for logging. The men were just getting ready to leave for the woods when behind them there was a loud crash. It came from the cook's shanty where Old Joe, then Young Joe, the cook, had been washing dishes. As they started toward the shanty Joe ran out yelling, "I saw it, I saw it!"

"What did you see?"

"Ol' Simpson's ghost!"

You don't know lumber camps if you haven't heard about Ol' Simpson's ghost. If you see it, you know that something terrible will happen. When Joe shouted that he had seen it, everyone refused to go into the woods for fear a tree would fall on him.

Every day, for the next two weeks, the ghost came to the cook's shanty. At the end of the two weeks, Joe left camp. The loggers couldn't get another cook, so the camp was closed.

Many years later Young Joe, then Old Joe, returned to the camp. He visited the old cook shanty and there, behind the old stove, was a white shadow.

"Ol' Simpson's ghost!" he cried.

He went to the stove and, behind it, there was a big white owl.

That is how one bird closed a big lumber camp. Frances Brown, '58

* * * * *

THE AWAKENING

"At last," he thought, as his feet touched the well-scrubbed deck, "at last I'm going to see some action. It seemed like this horrible war was going to be over before I even saw the tail end of a stinking Jap." His eyes swept the trim lines of the cruiser, taking in every detail from the tapering bow, along the superstructure, and on toward the stern, with its two seaplane ramps on each side.

He remembered back to December 7, 1941, and again felt that sickness in the pit of his stomach, the same feeling he had had when he'd heard about the "Arizona" and Bob, his older brother, who had died with her. He saw his mother's face again, trying bravely to smile but doing a poor job of holding back the tears which filled her eyes, and his father's blank, vacant stare haunting him as he boarded the train for boot camp. It seemed like only yesterday that he was counting the days until his seventeenth birthday in his anxiety to join up. "Lousy, stinking Japs," he muttered, and then headed down to the crew's quarters.

The ocean had been calm that morning, almost as smooth as a large piece of plate glass, and the ships of the task force surging ahead looked somewhat like tiny flies scurrying over the glass. Leaning there on the rail and feeling the pulsations of the engines being transmitted through him from the deck, he somehow felt depressed, as though a heavy atmosphere of foreboding hung over the ship.

He shrugged, turned, and then stepped through the doorway. Scarcely had he done this when general quarters was sounded. He dashed to his position with the gun crew. Quivering nervously inside his life jacket, he awaited the approach of the planes.

They came out of the sun, then dived toward their targets. He lined one up in the sights, twisting and weaving with the plane as best he could. Firing a burst, he watched the line of tracers and saw the plane vanish in a puff of black smoke.

"There's a meatball to your starboard!" came a cry. Swinging the gun around he saw a blur streaking down—straight toward the ship. He tried desperately to line it up. Very close now. He shook with the gun and a puff of smoke appeared in back of the engine cowling. Closer, closer. It seemed to fly down the gun barrel. Suddenly everything erupted in a brilliant white flash.

When he smelled the strange odor the only thought that came to his mind was that of a hospital, with its strange medicinal smell. He blinked open his eyes and, when the blur had cleared, he made out Joe's face looking down at him. "Nice go, old buddy. If you hadn't stuck to that gun and blown up that kamikazie, the old man on the bridge would have a a propeller in the seat of his pants now."

Leonard Despres, '58

* * * * *

FRECKLES

It's disgusting, I thought to myself. I look like a leopard with all these spots.

It was September 3. After returning home from eight weeks at the beach, I was covered with freckles. But this year I had found what I thought was a sure cure for them. I'd ordered a jar of A-maze, a guaranteed freckle remover.

It was with great anticipation that I started out for Clancy's Drug Store where I was going to get the cream. It took quite a big dip out of my birthday money, but I reasoned with myself by saying, "Wouldn't it be worth \$6.50 if I had all my freckles removed?" At least, I thought to myself, I would be really beautiful.

The directions said to pat the cream on slowly and leave it on for fifteen minutes. All was fine until I opened the jar. The cream was a bluish green. How, I thought to myself, could this make anything beautiful? But after all, if it would remove my freckles I'd try anything.

I patted it on very generously and started to wait for the miracle to happen. All of a sudden, it seemed as though every muscle in my face and arms was tightening. Finally my fifteen minutes were up.

I eagerly started splashing cold water on my face but, to my surprise, the blue-green color remained even though I'd gotten all the cream off. I started to panic when I realized that my parents would be home soon.

It was then my that older sister Nora chose the moment to come home. I was scared when I heard her familiar voice calling, but for some reason, which I still can't understand, my eighteen year old sister decided to be charitable. However, when she saw my appearance, even she was stumped.

Just as we were about to give up hope, Nora thought of an idea. She went into her bedroom, took her makeup base, and very generously

splattered it all over me. Then she powered my face and arms abundantly all over. I must admit that I didn't look very pretty, but it at least didn't make me look as though I were seasick.

I bravely marched down to face my parents and, thank heavens, they only said I looked pale.

It took four days till the bluish-green color finally wore off, and then I found that after all my misery I still had my freckles!

Sheila Kelley, '61

* * * * *

THROUGH SPACE IN "IMAGINATION"

The possibility of travel into space-away from the Earth has always intrigued the imagination of man, and probably always will. Since the beginning of the human race we have been held prisoners to a tiny insignificant particle of matter floating in space. For some reason, man has always wished to escape and explore and see the happenings in the world or worlds beyond.

Today we will take a trip into these outer reaches of space in a vehicle capable of infinite speed and provided with all the necessities of life for an indefinite period of time. "Imagination" is what we have decided to call this vehicle. We start off in low gear, at the speed of light, and warm up the ship for a second by circling the earth seven times.

A moment later we see the moon pass between us and the sun in an eclipse. We can still see the halo of light around the moon.

The moon shot by us a second and a half after leaving Earth. In a little more than eight minutes we pass the sun. Flames leap out from its surface, shooting up hundred of thousands of miles, dancing and twisting many, many times higher than any earthly fire.

When, in another few minutes, we fly by Mars, we wonder if any intelligent being has ever lived on that bleak and desolate planet.

Jupiter comes next in about one half-hour, and Saturn after that. We can see that the apparently solid rings which encircle it are made up of countless tiny moons. Now we can settle down for an hour and a half before reaching Uranus. Upon reaching Uranus, the same time separates us from Neptune. Two hours beyond that, we come to Pluto, the last planet of our solar system.

We look back, now, and find that the Sun is growing considerably smaller. Mars and Earth have completely disappeared. The stars, however, have not changed.

Maybe we had better hurry on a bit if we are to get home again during the lifetime of this generation, so we make a minor adjustment in our controls and "Imagination" leaps forward. We have increased our speed one million times.

In two and a quarter minutes we flash past Alpha Centaurus, the nearest star to the Earth except our Sun. While we were traveling in our own galaxy, we passed a star every few minutes. Now we pass a universe every few years.

We begin to feel homesick now, so we turn "Imagination" around and, what took us a century to get away from, we return to in a breathless instant.

Paula Smith, '59

RETIRING FROM RETIREMENT

As I grew older, the ravages of time became increasingly evident in my friends and contemporaries. I was always noticing how bald they were becoming, how crochety, how paunchy. Yet none of these signs were at all noticeable in myself, of course.

Like most men, the reward . . . or threat . . . of retirement had occurred to me occasionally. But it was something to reckon with in the distant future.

Then I came down with the grippe. And while I was recovering from the wonder drugs prescribed to combat my ailment, my physician suggested that I get away . . . retire.

Before I could mumble a protest, the car was loaded with two fortnighters, two suiters, gladstones, knitting bags and paper boxes tied with string.

On the morning of my arrival at the Sunset-by-the-Sea Motel (which was recommended as an ideal place to spend one's sunset years) I ventured out on the patio. All eyes turned in my direction as I crossed to the pool in my purple plaid Bermuda shorts, so I held the morning paper in front of my pale knees and sidled into a chair.

That was to be the mistake of my life! Before the morning was complete I became an official member of the Sunset Motel Boating Club and the Old Fogey Cribbage Club and was made No. 1 Photographer for the Sunset Motel News . . . though I'd never even taken a picture in my entire life.

After three hectic but glorious weeks of this mad-house my wife and I decided we missed our grandchildren.

The boys arrived and proved to be remarkably self-sufficient when it came to entertaining themselves. They raced around the patio firing cap pistols at my club associates and fellow photographers. They placed a baby alligator in my cigar box, and they nearly reduced me to a state of nervous collapse with their attempts to climb the antenna in front of the motel.

The final straw came on the morning I was sitting on the patio, minding my own business, quietly reading the newspaper, when suddenly the twins, without warning, leapt on the rockers of my chair. This suspended me in mid-air, looking very humorous and frantically yelling, "Halp! Halp!"

We packed our gear, strapped the twins in the back seat, and headed home. And I'm pleased to report that they are suprisingly glad to see me back at the office . . . even my wife.

Susan Roberts, '59





POET'S CORNER



SEA MOODS

You throw yourself on the rocky shore
 As a mad man, laughing;
 Triumphant, you clash with each stone;
 The earth rocks with pain
 When you beat the sod.
 You are a monster, green with envy, black with rage,
 Growing bolder, more merciless,
 Engulfing the world,
 Hating it with the strength of the gods.

You dance joyously in the warm sun
 As a child playing.
 Your twinkling laughter reaches out and snares the sunbeams.
 Diamonds twinkle on your azure surface;
 Loving the world,
 Patting each pebble,
 You salute the setting sun.

You are calm in the black night, unperturbed.
 The stars are drowned in your depths;
 Silvery moon nymphs float down to meet you.
 You are supreme in all your moods,
 A raging god, a laughing child, a mysterious maiden;
 You are the sea!

Claire Oskar, '58

* * * * *

A WALK

I'll not take that road for it
 leads to the sea;
 Nor the other one nigh it. It's
 too well known to me.
 But I'll take the one that leads
 wither one knows.
 It's rarely been trod on by
 a known living soul.
 An arch made of pine trees, a
 lake glistening gold.
 A small man-made bridge, so
 simple and old.
 A row of spring flowers stands guard
 o'er the road.
 Small ants hurry homeward with
 their so precious loads.
 All of God's creatures live here
 happily.
 A sanctuary of peace, through all
 eternity.

Brooke Teel, '60

THE PRISONER'S LAMENT

Silently I huddle in my corner bleak and bare.
 The prison walls surround me, there's a gloominess in the air.
 Guarded very closely, I dare not speak a word
 For fear it might incriminate me, if I were overheard.
 My future hopes are ruined, I must walk the guilty road,
 For one must reap his wild oats when the latter he has sowed.
 A sin against society, as slight as it may be,
 An erring from accepted ways is punished severely.
 Will I ne'er again see sunlight, will I never have the chance
 To carry on a normal life, to laugh, to sing, to dance?
 Ah, well! there's no use brooding. What is done is done, alas!
 And the one who's judged me harshly has ostracized me from my class.
 But hark! do I hear a gong? A welcome intervention?
 Why, yes, at last there comes an end to this long hour's detention.
Karin Roebuck, '58

* * * * *



TALK OF THE SCHOOL

Movie Shown

On March 14 a movie, "Hemo the Magnificent," was shown to the freshman and sophomore classes and chemistry classes. This interesting movie concerned the human heart and the circulation of blood in the body. The movie was both enjoyable and educational. P. J.

* * * * *

Visit Lawrence Court

Recently, seniors Carolyn Hager, Ricky Trombly, Philip Henry, and Carl Schubert were selected by their respective Problems of Democracy classes to visit the Lawrence Probate Court. The students attended an actual court session and were taken on a guided tour of the court building and its various departments. P. H.

* * * * *

Music Festival

This year the New England Music Festival was held in Dover, New Hampshire, on March 20, 21, 22, and 23. The chorus was directed by Warner Lawson and the band by Paul Yodder.

Karin Roebuck, Barbara Weingart, Connie Blake, Mary Glennie, and Richard Lange were selected to represent North Andover High School and to participate in the New England Music Festival chorus and band.

Congratulations to you all!

D. H.

N. A. H. S. Top 10

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------|
| 1. Now and Forever | 6. O Julie |
| 2. Breathless | 7. Warm |
| 3. It's Too Soon To Know | 8. Tequila |
| 4. Rock and Roll Is Here to Stay | 9. Lollipop |
| 5. Little Blue Man | 10. 26 Miles |

B. V.

* * * * *

Subject Election Blanks

Before school was dismissed for the winter vacation, the freshmen, sophomores, and juniors were given subject election blanks to be filled in and returned to their homeroom teachers by March 7. The students consulted their parents and faculty advisors for help in choosing a well planned schedule for the coming school year.

K. A. R.

* * * * *



RECORD

NEW TEACHERS

Miss Desrosiers

Miss Carol Desrosiers, our new cafeteria director, is occupying her first position since her graduation from Regis College, Weston, Mass., where she majored in home economics. Besides supervising the school lunch program in the public schools of North Andover, she teaches the seventh and eighth grade domestic arts classes in the Bradstreet, Thomson and Kittredge schools.

A native of Watertown, one of Miss Desrosiers' favorite pastimes is playing tennis. We hope her stay here will be a happy one, and our entire staff takes great pleasure in welcoming her to North Andover High School.

C. O.

* * * * *

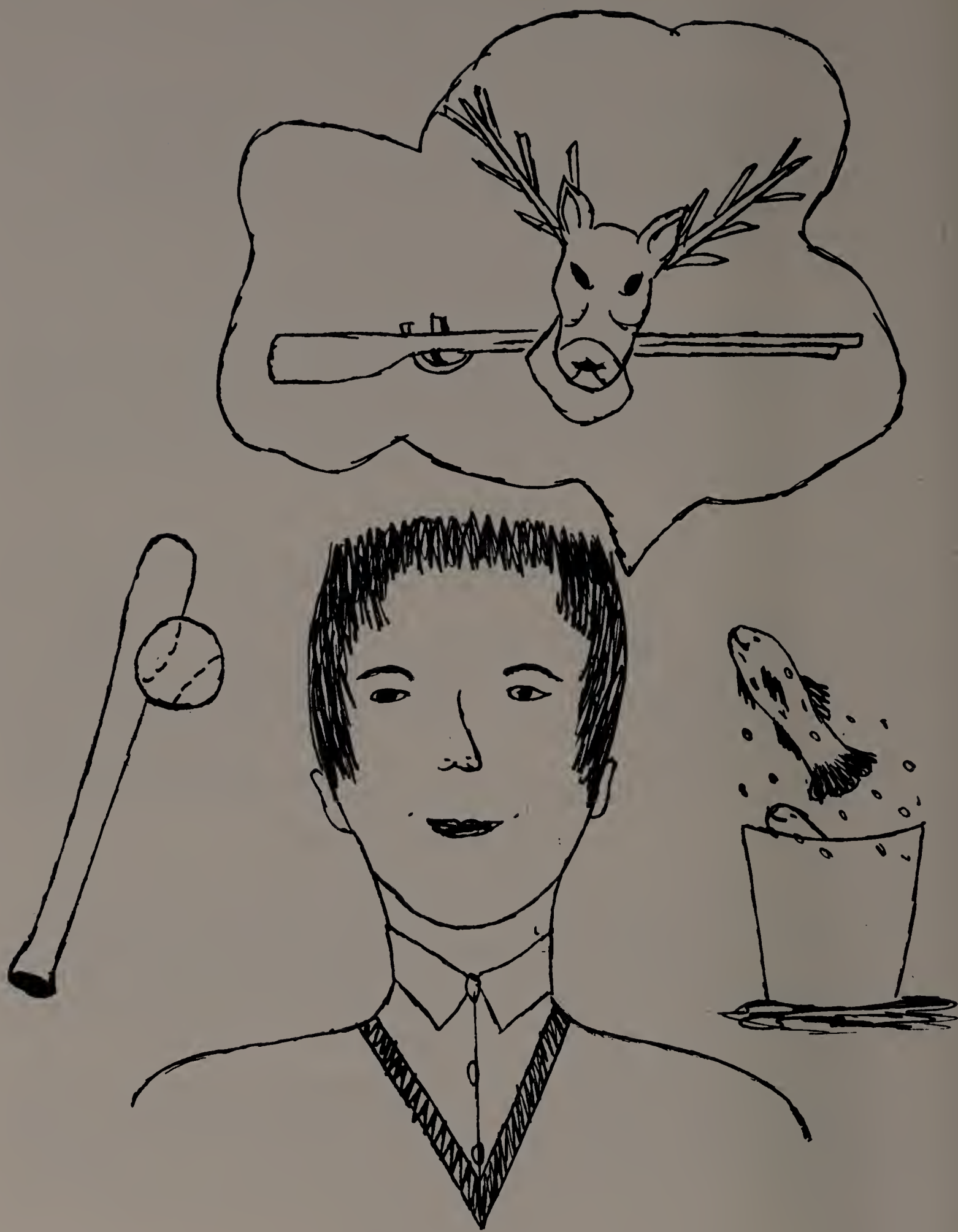
Mrs. Dimlich

A new member of our faculty this year is Mrs. Dimlich, who graduated from Posse Nissen Physical Education School located in Boston in 1933.

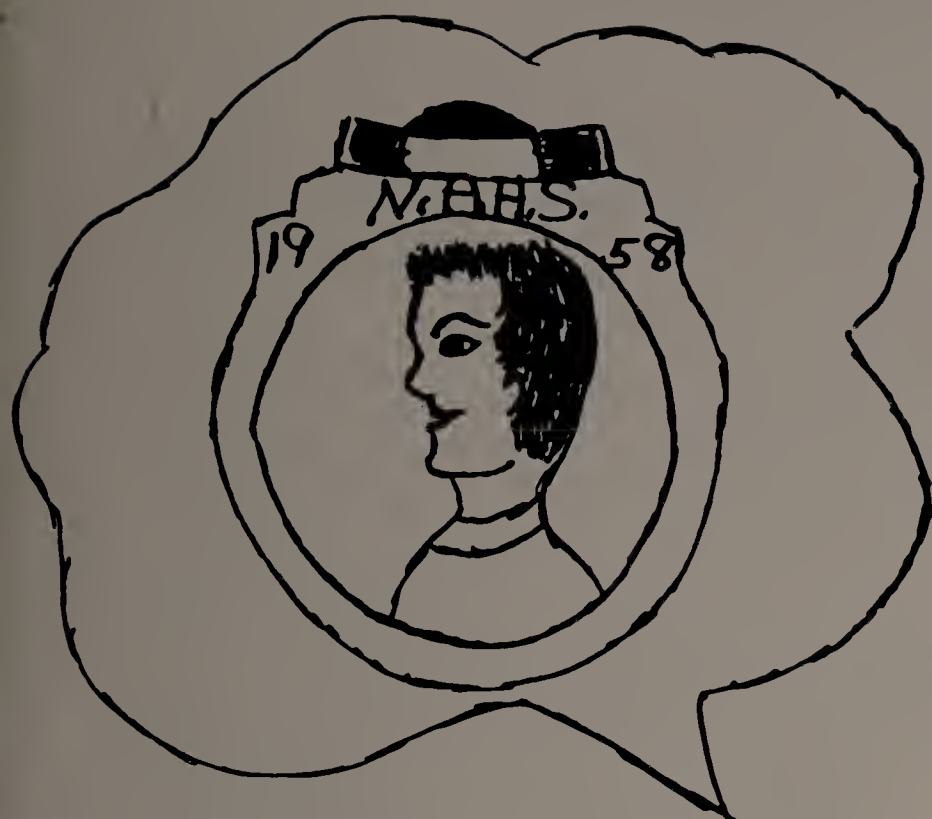
Mrs. Dimlich has previously taught in the elementary schools in Andover, at the Notre Dame Academy in Tyngsboro, and at the Andover Youth Center. At North Andover High School she teaches physical education and coaches field hockey, basketball, and softball.

Mrs. Dimlich resides in Andover, Massachusetts, with her family. We are happy to welcome her to North Andover.

P. W.



Spring Musings



Lorna Smith

at N.A.H.S.

Mr. Hills

Mr. Hills is another new member of our faculty this year. He graduated from Fitchburg Teachers' College where he majored in industrial arts. He has also attended Salem Teachers' College and the University of Maine. He holds the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Before coming to North Andover, Mr. Hills taught in Beverly, Mass. He now teaches industrial arts and mechanical drawing at our school. In his leisure time, Mr. Hills enjoys hunting and fishing.

We are happy to welcome Mr. Hills to our faculty and hope he will enjoy teaching at North Andover. C. C.

* * * * *

National Library Week

National Library Week, from March 16 to 23, was observed in North Andover High School in various ways. A poster contest was conducted by the art department under the direction of Miss Butler, with Mr. Mason Downing and Mr. Harry Sutton acting as judges. William Rock's poster took first prize, with Constance Williams and Barbara Subatch winning second and third places, respectively. Several posters made by the art students were attractively displayed in the library and at the banquet in commemoration of Library Week held on March 18.

An essay contest on the theme "Wake Up and Read" was conducted by the English department, with all students participating. The essays were judged by J. Roger Palmer, Douglas A. Allen, and Mrs. James Heron, with prizes being awarded to Karin Roebuck, John Walker, and Lois Meserve, who placed first, second, and third.

Miss Cook set up attractive displays of recent books in the library foyer, the entrance hall, and outside the chemistry lab. C. O.

* * * * *

Washington Fund

Since the Scarlet Knights won the Class C Championship, many things have happened here in North Andover.

A campaign has been organized by some of the town people, the purpose of which is to raise funds to send the Champs to Washington, D. C., during our April vacation.

Furthermore, Mr. Larochelle and the members of the team have received many congratulatory messages from other schools and organizations.

The High-Lites Staff wishes to extend its congratulations to Coach Larochelle and the Scarlet Knights on their great victory at the Garden. P. W.

* * * * *

Assemblies

On January 30, we were entertained by Hedly Hepworth who did some interesting impersonations of famous storybook characters. Among them were the famed Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the immortal Sherlock Holmes, and old Scrooge.

This was an unusual and interesting assembly.

On March 7, a rally was held in the gym directly at the close of school to generate enthusiasm and support among the students for our basketball team at the Tech Tourney. Its success can be measured by the fact that our team emerged as Class C Champions of the Eastern Mass. Tech Tourney.

On March 13, the Music and Speech Departments combined to present a very enjoyable assembly. The faculty directors were Mr. Clarence F. Mosher, Jr. and Mr. James McDonald. The band, the newly formed-boys' chorus, and a selected girls' chorus played and sang a variety of pieces. Susan Roberts gave a humorous monologue entitled "Vera's Study Hour". Cathy Cummings was the pianist and Lois Meserve was the mistress of ceremonies.

It has been planned that this assembly be presented in Andover as a part of a new exchange plan between the two high schools. L. M.

* * * * *

Guidance Report

On March 17, a Mr. Furber came to North Andover High School to talk to the boys of the Problems classes. He discussed Wentworth College and its admission requirements.

On March 17 and 18, Miss Noonan, a representative of the United States Employment Agency, came to our school to talk to all the senior Problems classes. She gave a very informative talk on employment. Anyone interested was given the opportunity to take the aptitude test offered by this agency.

There was an open house at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in early March. Many of our students attended.

On the Wednesday during our March vacation there was an open house and fashion show at Burdett College. Charlotte Caron, Ann McCarty, and Roberta Himber were in attendance. M. M.

* * * * *

Student Council

Ballroom dancing instruction has been provided for all interested students at North Andover High by the joint efforts of the Parent-Student-Council Committee. Lessons are given on Friday afternoons after school hours and have been in progress since February seventh. There has been a very enthusiastic response by the students to this class. E. K.

* * * * *

Honor Society

The Honor Society held a dance in the school gym on Saturday, February 15. The dance was very successful and a substantial profit was realized.

Many of us are unaware of the constructive work the Honor Society members are engaged in. They aid Miss Cook in the library during their study periods by filing, mending books, and taking care of out-going and incoming books. They also tutor any student who may be having difficulty in a subject.

We certainly have good reason to be proud of these scholastic leaders of our school. A. M.

* * * * *

Science Club

The North Andover High School Science Fair was conducted Friday evening, February 21, in the cafeteria. The following prizes were awarded: first prize, David Palmer, rocket display; second prize, Douglas Wilson, electronic memory; third prize, Harold Damerow, cloud chamber; fourth prize, Kenneth Johnson, satellite display. Congratulations, boys!

These four boys also displayed their entries in Technorama II, the Merrimack Valley High School Science Fair held at Lowell Technological Institute on March 28 and 29. Out of one hundred and six competitors there, David Palmer and Harold Damerow placed fourth and tenth, respectively. They also placed second and third, respectively, in the sophomore class competition. Both were presented with medals. Douglas Wilson, a first year student, was presented with a second prize in the freshmen competition and an honorable mention in the over-all classification. E. R.

* * * * *

Debating Club

The following students have joined the Debating Club recently: Andy Heinze, Kim Gilberto, Janet Cotten, Sidney Lewis, Bill Rock, Bernard O'Keefe, Rita Carroll, Mary Throp, and Martha Meeker.

We are glad to have all of you join us! E. R.

* * * * *

Photography Club

The Photography Club, affiliated with Eastman Kodak and Ansco Camera Clubs, has been diligently working, taking pictures of our many school activities. Several of the pictures taken by its members will appear in this year's yearbook.

The club would like to express its thanks to Mr. Hills and the Manual Arts Department for their help in the construction of a dark room. E. R.

* * * * *

DANCES

Honor Society Dance

A dance, under the direction of the Honor Society, was held on Saturday, February 15.

The chaperones were Miss Cook, Miss Consoli, Mr. Regan, Mr. Donovan, Mr. Powers, and Mr. Robinson.

Records were awarded as an extra attraction to those holding the lucky coat numbers. The lucky recipients were Earlene Foster, Werner Hale, Judith Twombly, Richard Sanborn, and David Tetler. S. K.

Basketball Dance

On March 14, the Girls' Basketball Team held a very successful dance in the gym. The chaperones were Mrs. Dimlich, Mr. Steele, Mr. Hamel, Miss Torpey, Miss Donlan, Mr. McDonald, and Miss Bailey.

A team dinner was held in the cafeteria preceding the dance and was followed by a basketball game between the boys' and girls' teams.

* * * * *

FRESHMAN CLASS

A class meeting was held on February 11 to acquaint the freshman with the yearbook, *The Knight*. The meeting was conducted by Priscilla Watts and Christine Carney who explained the setup and purpose of the *The Knight* to us.

Congratulations to Douglas Wilson on obtaining, for his excellent work on a memory machine, second prize in the local Science Fair. Congratulations also to all other freshmen who participated.

Belated congratulations are extended to Beverly Scannell who is an understudy in the school play. The omission of her name was an oversight in the last issue. Sorry, Bev!

Constance Williams also brought honor to our class upon producing a winning poster in the "Wake Up and Read" contest.

We are proud of our freshman basketball team. They worked hard and made a fine record. I'm sure Coach Steele is equally proud of them.

The Class of '61 gave a wonderful display of school spirit by its marvelous attendance at the basketball games and at the Tech Tourney. Keep it up, kids!

Congratulations to Peter Battaglioli and Arthur Woodbury who have been notified of their outstanding scores on the annual Brooks School Scholarship Test. Each has received a four year scholarship to Brooks.

K. M.

* * * * *

SOPHOMORE CLASS

We are very pleased that the sophomores are taking such an interest in extracurricular activities. Bernard O'Keefe was named vice-president of the Science Club; John Comier, secretary; and Harold Damerow, treasurer. Paul Schwenke was chosen treasurer of the Photography Club.

At the Science Fair held in February, David Palmer, whose project was the rocket, won first prize, and Harold Damerow received third prize for his project, entitled "The Wilson Cloud Chamber." Good going, kids!

Both the sophomore boys and girls who have participated in basketball have been an asset to our teams. John Strobel and Dick Sanborn were given a bracelet and lapel pin which were presented to them and the rest of our basketball team for their excellent work in helping N.A. emerge victorious at the Tech Tourney.

We would also like to mention how well done Bill Rock's "Wake Up and Read" poster was. It certainly deserved first prize, Bill.

G. DeF.

JUNIOR CLASS

On this coming May ninth, several members of the junior class will take the National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test. This test is mandatory for those who intend to take the National Merit Scholarship Test next October.

Those who are planning on taking the test include Catherine Cummings, Constance Carney, David Donovan, Andrew Heinze, Clark Lewis, William Paulson, Ursula Perrone, Helen Phillips, Steven Roberts, Susan Roberts, William Shappell, James Yeutter, Douglas Mayer, Kenneth Melvin, Lois Meserve and Anne Messina. C. C.

* * * * *

SENIOR CLASS

Recently the senior class had a class meeting at which the person to whom this year's yearbook is to be dedicated and the class colors and motto were chosen.

The dedication was given to William McEvoy; the class colors chosen were red and black. These colors will be used on the cover of the yearbook and for graduation caps and gowns.

The class motto was chosen by a unanimous vote and will be used as the theme of the class oration. The motto is: "The mould of a man's future is in his own hands."

Most of the girls in the senior class took part in the Betty Crocker contest for the Future Homemaker of the Year. This year's winner from our school is Claire Oskar. Congratulations, Claire! C. P.

* * * * *

Intramural Basketball Tournament

During January and February, an Intramural Basketball Tournament was held in which a total of forty-two games was played. The winning team was the Jr. Hoboes. The following are the ten highest scorers of the Tournament: James Meyers, *Crewcuts*, 140 points; Alan Comstock, *Hoboes*, 138 points; John Smith, *Crewcuts*, 118 points; Don Stewart, *Whizzes*, 95 points; Henry Pitman, *Hoboes*, 87 points; Joe Flynn, *Whizzes*, 85 points; Bill Stanley, *Whizzes*, 78 points; Lou Di Fruscio, *Hoboes*, 75 points; Harold Pitman, *Devils*, 73 points; Bart Licciardi, *Devils*, 73 points. Donald Stewart, of the Whizzes, scored the greatest number of points in one game—30 points.

A Gym Class Tournament was also held. The following are the winning teams from the various gym classes.

Gym Class L-1 winner: *Jovials*. Bill Whittaker, Herb Vrettos, Arthur Woodbury, and Steve Smith are the team members.

Gym Class 1-2 winner: *Black Hawks*. Vernon Kousky, Tom Angeloro, Gerry Corradino, Henry Fredette, Harold Damerow, and Steve Freedman are the team members.

Gym Class 1-3 winner: *Aces*. Lou Di Fruscio, Ray Gagnon, Rodney Chadwick, Ted Barrows, Malcolm Norwood, and Robert Nicolosi are the team members.

Gym Class 1-4 winner: *Maulers*. Alan Foster, Elwood Pratt, Joe Forgetta, David Palmer, Sandy Jackson, Richard Bell, and Philip Busby are the team members.

Gym Class 1-5 winner: *Rakes*. Robert Salemmme, Thomas Murphy, John Martin, Ken Johnson, Richard Magoon, and Philip Chick are the team members.

Gym Class 1-6 winner: *Choppers*. Tom Murphy, Don Gallant, Scott Pinkham, James Crane, Richard Heider, Jeff Kress and Steve Rabbito are the team members.

Gym Class 2-1 and 2-2 winner: *Whippers*. Richard Lange, Carl Schubert, Doug Walshe, Eric Bergstrom and Joe Flynn are the team members.

Gym Class 2-3 winner: *Aces*. Bill Stanley, Robert Hoogerzeil, Art Kettinger, Ray Galloni, and William Shappell are the team members.

Gym Class 2-4 and 2-5 winner: *Hot Heads*. Alan Comstock, Tom Cotter, Jerry Arcari, Henry Newman, and Charles Randone are the team members.

C. C.

* * * * *



SPORTS

GIRLS' SPORTS

Basketball

North Andover vs. Dracut

In the third league game of the season, North Andover's girls came out on top at the finish of a thrilling game with a score of 63-62. High scorers for North Andover were Barbara Weingart and Etta Nadeau with 33 and 23 points each, respectively. The J.V.'s lost the preliminary game 21-15.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Burlington

The North Andover girls' varsity squad dropped its second decision in five league games to a good Burlington High squad by a 75-51 score. In spite of Martha Foster's 29 points, the game was lost. In the second game with Burlington, North Andover was defeated once again, 73-63.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Chelmsford

In one of the many thrilling nip and tuck games played by the North Andover girls' varsity, again N. A. was in the lead when the final buzzer sounded. We won this game by a 47-45 score. Starring brilliantly were guards Priscilla Watts, Joanne Zemba, Janet Duncan, Pat Minihan, and Cynthia Watts. In the second game, N. A. beat Chelmsford once again.

North Andover vs. Tewksbury

Despite the wonderful teamwork displayed by the North Andover girls, the Tewksbury girls were able to obtain a 10 point edge over them and keep the lead to win the game 56-46. Beverly Donnelly was North Andover's star with 17 points.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Methuen

For the second time this season, North Andover's girls dropped a decision to their rival Methuen by a 56-37 score. In a preliminary game, the North Andover girls' J. V. squad lost its game 36-11.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Billerica

After trailing for three periods, the Billerica six finally pushed ahead to beat North Andover by a score of 65-57. On the defense for North Andover were Priscilla Watts, Carolyn Hager, Janet Duncan, Pat Minihan, and Joanne Zemba, while on offense were Etta Mae Nadeau, Bev Donnelly, and Martha Foster. In the second game against Billerica, North Andover lost by a score of 55-39.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Dracut

In the second game with Dracut, North Andover, at its own home court, won over a weak Dracut, team by a score of 45-28. Stars for the offense were Beverly Donnelly, Joyce Rennie, Etta Mae Nadeau, Margaret Mattraw, Martha Foster, and Maureen Jacques; while starring for the defense were Priscilla Watts, Linda Champion, Barbara Weingart, Joanne Zemba, Cindy Watts, Carolyn Hager, and Janet Duncan.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Wilmington

North Andover won another game by beating Wilmington, 58-37. The North Andover girls led every period of the game, with Barbara Weingart, Martha Foster, Bev Donnelly, and Etta Mae Nadeau making 28, 12, 8, and 7 points, respectively; while Priscilla Watts, Janet Duncan, and Joanne Zemba starred for the guards.

In the second game with Wilmington, North Andover won by a score of 41-40. It was a fast game, with North Andover leading all the way and Wilmington catching up in the fourth period.

The J.V.'s also won their game by a score of 20-16, with Gerry DeFusco, Joyce Foulds, and Charlotte Byron playing the forward position, and Mary Schruender, Judy Twombly, and Linda Bazin playing guard.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Tewksbury

North Andover defeated a weaker Tewksbury team by a score of 46-34. It was N. A. leading all the way, with guards Cindy Watts, Priscilla Watts, Joanne Zemba, and Pat Minihan, and forwards Bev Donnelly, Martha Foster, and Margaret Mattraw playing brilliantly.

B. W. and A. W.

BOYS' SPORTS**Basketball****North Andover vs. Andover**

North Andover's brilliant Scarlet Knights defeated Andover's Blue Devils for the second time in two tries at North Andover, 70-46. It was Robin Munroe and Vic Battaglioli who again led the Knights against Andover. The home club jumped out to a quick 17-11 lead and was never behind. With the rebounding of such stalwarts as Andy Zigelis, John Minihan, and Joe Walsh, and the accurate firing of Munroe and Battaglioli, Andover had a bad time of it. At no time in the game did Andover pose a threat to the Knights. High men for the Knights were Munroe and Battaglioli, with 24 points apiece.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Dracut

The Knights drubbed a weak Dracut quintet by the score of 112-47, shattering several records. Robin Munroe scored 47 points on 22 field goals and 3 fouls. This spectacular performance is a North Andover High School record. Vic Battaglioli, Co-Captain Andy Zigelis, and Joe Walsh reached double figures with 20, 18, and 11 points, respectively.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Wilmington

North Andover's Scarlet Knights, behind the outstanding performance of forward Vic Battaglioli, bombed a weak Wilmington club 103-47. Battaglioli accounted for 18 field goals and 7 fouls, compiling 43 points. He was backed up by Co-Captain Robin Munroe's 25 points, and Andy Zigelis's 13.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Tewksbury

North Andover's Scarlet Knights bombed Tewksbury for the second time, defeating it 97-34. It was a good team effort on the part of the Knights. Four of the first five reached double figures. Co-Captain Robin Munroe led with 25, Joe Walsh had 23, Vic Battaglioli had 17, and Andy Zigelis hit for 13. Again it was no contest, as the Knight's superior talent and bench strength proved to be the difference.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Wilmington

North Andover gained sole possession of first place in the Lowell Suburban League by rolling over Wilmington High to the tune of 70-44. Again Co-Captain Robin Munroe led the attack as the Knights took a 26-10 lead in the first period, thus crushing any hopes of a Wilmington upset. Munroe led with 32 points. Vic Battaglioli and Co-Captain Andy Zigelis followed with 12 apiece.

North Andover vs. Chelmsford

North Andover chalked up its eighth win in a row and tenth in eleven games, as it bested Chelmsford High, 72-47. It was Co-Captain Andy Zigelis with 19 points and John Minihan with 14, the Knights' two big men, who took command of the game from the opening tap. They grabbed rebound after rebound and scored well throughout the game. Co-Captain Robin Munroe scored 12 points, Vic Battaglioli, 13, and Joe Walsh, 10.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Dracut

North Andover soundly trounced Dracut High in a League tilt at North Andover.

Leading by 25 points at the half, the first stringers were given a breather while the alternates were given a chance to romp.

High man for the Knights was Munroe with 21, while Zigelis, Battaglioli, and Walsh hit double figures also.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Billerica

Munroe and Walsh led the scoring as the Knights beat Billerica, 65-54, in a valiant effort on the latter's part.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. League All-Stars

Unvanquished in League play and grabbing the Lowell Suburban League Trophy for the third consecutive year, the Knights took on the "cream of the crop". The hotly contested battle resulted in an easy victory for League champions, the Scarlet Knights.

* * * * *

TECH TOURNEY**North Andover vs. Chelmsford**

The Scarlet Knights ran over the Chelmsford Lions with ease at Natick High in Natick.

North Andover knocked the Lions out of the running in the quarter final of the Tech. Twice beaten by the Knights, the Lions roared to no avail as they were thrashed soundly and made ready to commit "leocide". A big factor in the win was the superlative play of Walsh, Munroe, and Battaglioli.

* * * * *

North Andover vs. Don Bosco

North Andover took the semi-final round of the Class C State Championship at Boston Garden by defeating Don Bosco Technical of Boston, 69-52.

Three starters hit double figures in this annual classic: Munroe, 27; Walsh, 19; and Battaglioli, 13.

North Andover vs. Oliver Ames

The comparatively small in stature but great in spirit Scarlet Knights swamped a highly rated and highly talented quintet hailing from Oliver Ames High School in Easton, Mass., to take the Class C Massachusetts State Championship.

With a thundering barrage of all-round aggressive play, coupled with an original offensive pattern, the Knights showed the Tigers a few tricks of the trade, sending them scampering back to Easton to lick the wounds of defeat to the tune of 71-64.

This was truly a team effort; all played their hearts out, not giving Oliver Ames an iota of mercy. Vic Battaglioli led the scoring parade with 30 points; Co-Captains Zigelis and Munroe scored 12 and 10 points, respectively.

Congratulations to Vic Battaglioli and Robin Munroe for gaining berths on the All-C Team.

Congratulations also, to Joe Walsh. The veteran guard was elected captain for the 1958-1959 season. Last, but not least, congratulations to Coach Laroche, without whose untiring efforts and outstanding leadership our boys would never have been able to gain the final victory.

A. Z. and V. B

* * * * *



EXCHANGES

“Swampscotta,” Swampscott High School, Swampscott, Mass.
We would like to commend you on your excellent paper. We enjoyed it very much!

* * * * *

“Indiana Technician,” Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Let’s try it out!
After the psychiatrist had finished his lecture on love problems, he invited questions from his audience. A little man in the last row stood up, blushed, and murmured. “You said that hysterical girls were calmed down easily by kissing them.”
“That’s right,” agreed the psychiatrist. “Did you want to know more about it?”
“Just one thing,” stammered the little man in confusion, “Where can I find an hysterical girl?”

* * * * *

“The Mosaic,” Andover High School, Andover, Mass.
We enjoy your Mr. and Miss X column very much.
Keep up the good work! J. R. and M. P.



HUMOR

Patrolman to speeder: "Of course you didn't hear any siren! You had already passed through the sound barrier."

* * * * *

When his engine conked out, the pilot of a light plane glided to a landing on a New York State thruway. The pilot jumped out and walked back to the only car in sight (which had pulled off the road, out of his way) to ask for a lift to the nearest telephone.

As he neared the car the woman sitting beside the driver said excitedly, "We will get out of the way, mister, if you will show us where to go. This clown here is the only driver in the country who could start out on a thruway and wind up in the middle of an airport."

* * * * *

One student says: "This is my favorite time of the whole year; I have found that I can sleep forty-five and one-half extra seconds in the morning and still make it to school. By getting a running start on the dormitory stairs, I can slide on the icy sidewalks almost all the way."

We are indebted to current periodicals for our humor.

Compliments of

Carl J. Berg & Joseph D. Caimi

ASSOCIATED FOLDING BOX CO.

240 Canal Street

Lawrence, Mass.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

DEHULLU'S MARKET



60 UNION STREET
NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.
Tels. MU 3-2787 - 3-2788

Longbottom's Market

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

Tels. MU 6-6188 - 6-6189 - 6-6180
184 Main Street North Andover

LAWRENCE RUBBER CO.

SCHOOL SWEATERS
SPORTING GOODS
SPORT CLOTHING
MOCCASINS
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

464 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

J. F. BYRON
5c TO \$1.00 STORE

65-67 MAIN STREET
NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Compliments of

NORWOOD'S
SHOE AND CLOTHING

87 Main Street North Andover
Tel. Lawrence MU 2-6662

GEO. LORD & SON

Established 1869

"FOR BETTER SHOES and SERVICE"

445 Essex Street
Lawrence, Mass.

VERA'S
CARD & GIFT SHOP

137 Main Street
North Andover, Mass.

Good Wishes

from

The Class of '58

R. GEORGE CARON**FUNERAL HOME****Non-Sectarian**

30 Main Street North Andover
Tel. MU 5-5732

**TROMBLY BROS.
SALES AND SERVICE***Harold W. Trombly, Prop.*

**EXPERT LUBRICATION
IGNITION, CARBURETOR AND
BRAKE REPAIR**

Oil Burner Sales and Service

Range and Fuels—Wholesale and Retail
Sutton St. Tel. MU 3-1031 No. Andover

*Compliments of***BOB & MARY BURKE****REALTORS**

14 Chickering Road Tel. MU 2-2416

*Complete Equipment for Every Sport***WHITWORTH'S**

**RUBBER AND SPORTING GOODS
STORE**

581 Essex Street Lawrence

**Don't Trust to Luck -- Do Business
with a Reputable Company**

**EDDIE'S
AMOCO SERVICE**

79 Chickering Rd., No. Andover, Mass.
Tel. MU 9-9735 E. J. Marsan, Prop.

**CASHMAN'S
SERVICE STATION***Raymond Cashman, Prop.*

**GAS, OIL, BATTERIES, TIRES
TUBES AND ACCESSORIES**

Sutton Street North Andover

MAC'S GENERAL STORE

**PAPERS — CANDY — ICE CREAM
GROCERIES — GREETING CARDS
FROZEN FOODS**

7 Johnson St., Tel. MU 3-0697 No. Andover

*For Quality Clothes for Men and Boys
Since 1880*

COME TO**MACARTNEY'S**

Andover Lawrence Haverhill

LAMEY - WELLEHAN

Successors to D. D. Mahony & Sons

**SHOES AND HOSIERY
FOR
EVERY OCCASION**

331 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

HOLLINS' SUPER SERVICE

GASOLINE AND OILS

High Pressure Lubrication - Tires

Range and Fuel Oils

Dial MU 2-8604 50 Massachusetts Ave.
No. Andover, Mass.

555 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.
Use Our Convenient Budget Plan

MEN'S CLOTHING

S. A. BISTANY

*If You Appreciate Good Quality and
Fitting It Will Pay You to Come to*

LANGFORD'S SEAFOODS

Ocean Fresh Fish

229 So. Union St. Tel. MU 2-3791
Branch Store--104a So. Broadway
Save with Lower Cost - Quality Service

J. W. HERON

ZENITH and

R. C. A. RADIO and TELEVISION

93 Water Street No. Andover

**FRANK'S ATLANTIC
SERVICE**

Odelle F. Cashman, *Prop.*

GAS - OIL - BATTERIES

TIRES - TUBES - ACCESSORIES

4 Main Street Tel. MU 7-7373

ZUBER CHOATE CO.

The Home of

BOTANY 500 CLOTHES FOR MEN

559 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

Compliments of

T. J. BUCKLEY CO.

**BETTER FURNITURE FOR YOUR
DOLLAR**



284 Essex Street Lawrence, Mass.

Compliments of

**JOSEPH ROBERTS'
BARBER SHOP**

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

**BUNNY'S
RESTAURANT & CATERING SERVICE, INC.**

Kenneth & Charles Dobson

"Caterers of Distinction"

70 Winthrop Avenue Telephone MU 6-4323 Lawrence, Mass.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

“YOU’LL FIND IT ALL AT TREAT’S”

Everything in the Line of Sports

TREAT HARDWARE CORP.

582 ESSEX STREET Dial MU 5-5115 25 BROADWAY
Lawrence, Massachusetts

“The House That Stands for Quality”

<p><i>Compliments of</i></p> <p>FRED HILTON</p> <p>RANGE AND FUEL OIL EXPERT LUBRICATION</p> <p>Cor. Salem and So. Union Streets South Lawrence</p>	<p>TURNPIKE MOTOR SALES</p> <p>FOR BEST USED CARS</p> <p>At Lowest Prices</p> <p>See</p> <p>Punky Saul or Ed Saul 1705 Turnpike St. North Andover</p>
--	---

SERVING THE COMMUNITY SINCE 1814

MERRIMACK VALLEY NATIONAL BANK

COMPLETE BANKING FACILITIES AT ALL OFFICES

Andover • Georgetown • Haverhill • Merrimack • North Andover

MEMBER F. D. I. C.

ARLINGTON TRUST COMPANY

FIVE CONVENIENT OFFICES

305 Essex Street • 348 Jackson Street • 9 Broadway
1 Winthrop Avenue, Corner of Andover Street
Lawrence, Massachusetts
149 Main Street • North Andover, Massachusetts

COMPLETE BANKING SERVICES

MEMBER OF FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

TAYLOR SHOP

398 ESSEX STREET
LAWRENCE, MASS.

GREAT POND AGENCY

"SOURCE OF SERVICE"

INSURANCE — REAL ESTATE

151 Main Street

Tel. MU 7-7620

Harry R. Dow III, *Mgr.*

S. A. DiMauro, *Realtor*

NO. ANDOVER SERVICENTER

Repairs -- Accessories -- Complete Servicing

77 MAIN STREET

Tel. Lawrence MU 3-5577

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

S & H Green Stamps

A. Temple—*Proprietors*—G. Church

JOE'S DINER

"GOOD FOOD SERVED HERE"

Tel. MURdock 3-4352 Route 125

Joe Faro, Prop. • North Andover, Mass.

Compliments of

FRED PAPPALARDO

Fancy Groceries and Fruit

MURdock 3-3177

RUSSEM'S

SMART APPAREL

For All Ages and All Occasions

Charge Accounts Solicited

Essex Street

Lawrence

GREATER LAWRENCE NEW CAR DEALERS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

*Compliments of***MESSINA'S MARKET**

156 SUTTON STREET
NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

NORTH ANDOVER HARDWARE

55 Massachusetts Avenue
North Andover Massachusetts
Tel. MU 8-7558

*THE***JAMES P. HAINSWORTH
INSURANCE AGENCY**

150 Main Street North Andover

*Compliments of***FINNERAN'S DRUG STORE**

129 Main Street
North Andover

**ELFRIEDE'S BEAUTY
SHOPPE**

Phone: MURdock 3-2279
62 Main Street
North Andover, Mass.

CONNIE'S VARIETY

49 Massachusetts Avenue
North Andover, Mass.

*Compliments of***JOHN R. HOSKING
STATIONER**

Milton Bradley School Supplies
230 Essex St. Tel. MU 7-7929 Lawrence

*Compliments of***LEGARE'S MARKET**
QUALITY MEATS
and
FANCY GROCERIES**SUTTON'S MILL***Manufacturers of***WOOLEN GOODS****FOR WOMEN'S APPAREL**

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

Compliments of

GLENNIE'S DAIRY



A Part of Your Community Since 1890



198 MASS. AVENUE

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

PHELAN'S
FLAVORLAND



85 Main Street

North Andover

ELITE PHARMACY

Joseph Campione, *Reg. Ph.*

Our Pharmacy is Your Family's
Beauty, Health and Prescription
Center

220 Middlesex St., No. Andover, Mass.

Tel. MU 3-3979

Woody's Restaurant

FEATURING

All Kinds of Sandwiches
Regular Meals Served Daily

Open 7 - 12 Tel. MU 2-6991

Try some of our FRIED FISH served
with French Fries

We Specialize in orders put up to take out

Chickering Road, North Andover

Telephone MU 3-2216

SCHRUENDER
REAL ESTATE AGENCY

77 Chickering Road
North Andover, Mass.

George H. Schruender, *Realtor*

Marguerite Sullivan Schruender

MANHATTAN MARKET*J. Brand, Prop.***Groceries, Meats and Provisions****Fruits and Vegetables**

Phone MU 3-2104

121½ Marblehead Street, No. Andover

ANDREW F. COFFIN**INSURANCE****Real Estate - Notary Public**

69 Main Street, North Andover, Mass.

Telephones

Office—MU 8-4074 Home—MU 2-7338

THE FURNITURE BARN**FINE FURNITURE****AT LOW PRICES**

Wilson's Corner

North Andover

MEAGAN'S**REXALL DRUG STORE****F. J. Burgess and W. A. Hall**

Reg. Ph.

Tel. MU 2-8138

48 Water Street

North Andover

MICHAEL J. SULLIVAN, INC.**COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS**

218-226 ESSEX STREET

LAWRENCE, MASS.

*Melody Lane***ALL THE LATEST "POP" RECORDS****E. P.'s and L. P.'s****Record Players and Accessories****HI - FI'S****Cameras, Film & Photo Supplies**

65 Main Street • North Andover

WEINER'S INC.**Fine Furs****WEINER'S CAMERA SHOP**

276 Essex Street • Lawrence, Mass.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers



*"The Family Department
Store of the
Merrimack Valley"*

Locally Owned — Locally Operated

EVERYTHING FOR FAMILY & HOME!

309 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS.

TEL. MU 3-7173

VAL'S RESTAURANT

Orders Put Up to Take Out

Sandwiches and Coffee for Private Parties -- We'll Deliver

91 Main Street

Tel. MU 2-6716

North Andover, Mass.



THE BOYNTON PRESS, INC.

COMMERCIAL PRINTING

RAISED PRINTING

51 Merrimack Street

MU 2-9866

Lawrence, Mass.

PINAUD'S SIGNS

59 Maple Avenue, North Andover, Massachusetts

COMMERCIAL ARTIST



SIGN PAINTING

Telephone MUrdoch 7-7371

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

Compliments of

THE ANDOVER SAVINGS BANK

ANDOVER

NORTH ANDOVER

METHUEN

DAVIS & FURBER MACHINE CO.



NORTH ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Please Patronize Our Advertisers